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Craftford Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XLIV

BUSY WEEK FOR BALL TOSSERS

TAWAS CITY BOYS AND GIRLS
INVADE GRAYLING. ALSO
GAYLORD ALL CITY.

Since our last issue the Grayling basket ball fans have had the privilege of seeing three fine basket ball games. Last week Saturday night Grayling boys and girls high school teams played similar teams from Tawas City; and last Monday night the Grayling Independents played the All City team of Gaylord. Each game was a good one and gave the local patrons fine entertainment for their money.

After an all night ride the Tawas City arrived in Grayling at 4:10 a. m. Saturday. The young ladies were taken to the homes of some of the local players and put to bed and allowed to sleep as long as they pleased; the boys were lodged at Shoppenagons Inn. During the day the two aggregations were entertained by the members of the local teams.

Girls Game.

The girls game was won by the visitors, the score being at the first half Grayling 10, Tawas City 16; final, Grayling 19, Tawas City 33. The visitors have lost but one game this season and are claiming the championship of northern Michigan. This team has been under the coaching of Superintendent T. E. Ousterhout and we feel that he is deserving of great credit for the superior team that he has developed. We doubt if there is a school team in Michigan that can beat this girls team on neutral floor with a neutral referee. The Grayling girls played a remarkably strong game and for them to annex 13 points against the Tawas City girls is great credit to them.

Boys Game.

The boys game was a different story. Supt. Ousterhout had not been quite so successful with his boys team, and Coach Morrow's Hoboes tramped at will over the visitors. The score for the first half was Grayling 21; Tawas 10; final Grayling 35, Tawas 19. Grayling showed its superior team work and skill in passing and, in spite of the fact that their adversaries were much larger, they had no trouble in keeping the ball in the territory of their basket at nearly all stages of the game.

After the games a couple of hours were spent at dancing, the music was furnished by the High school orchestra. The visitors left on the night train for their return trip home.

Grayling Truiness, Gaylord. The biggest game so far of the season, so far as interest is concerned, was last Monday night when the Grayling Independents gave the All City team of Gaylord a severe trouncing. A special train was run from the latter city bringing in about 100 basket ball fans and supporters of the home team. One side of the gymnasium was reserved for the visitors. The train arrived at 7:30 p. m. When the big game began it is estimated that there were over 600 persons present. The door receipts at 25 and 35 cents admission amounted to \$192.25.

Grayling started the scoring and the game hadn't proceeded far before it was plain to see that the visitors were completely out classed. The first half ended with Grayling 10 points and Gaylord 8. The final score resulted with Grayling 44 and Gaylord 11. The first part of the game a number of fouls were called on the Gaylord players, and later in the game Grayling also had a few fouls called. All or nearly all of the penalties on either side were for run

ning with the ball, double dribbles or other minor offenses. The game was remarkably fast and unavoidably many players were hurt. Coach Morrow of the Grayling team suffered the greatest injury by receiving a bad cut at the corner of the left eye. He says he don't mind a little thing like that.

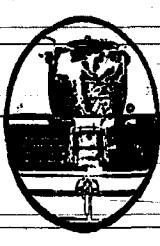
The game was referred by "Chief" Nevitt, community director and coach of Bay City Eastern High School. He is a full blooded Indian and has been active in athletics in scholastic and college circles. He referred the conference games at Ann Arbor recently and is called out frequently to referee important basket ball games. It is really remarkable the way he follows the game and not a play escapes him. At no time throughout the game was one of his decisions questioned. It is frequently heard that the Independent games are rough. The question was asked "Chief" Nevitt as to his opinion in this regard, as he would be a good authority. He replied that neither team was unduly rough, and said that in any fast game the men would at times be moving fast and it was impossible to avoid collisions and naturally at times some of the players are hurt, but he did not consider that the game had been rough. He said that he considered that Grayling had his ideal of a team, that their play was clean and played with good system.

Next Monday Grayling will play a return game at Gaylord. A special train will leave Grayling at 6:30 p. m. and return after the game. The fare for the round trip will be \$1.96. A guarantee of 75 passengers has been made the Michigan Central railroad in order to secure the special train. No doubt there will be twice that many ready to go and back up their team in the same loyal manner that the Gaylord citizens have backed their team.

The Grayling Independents have lost but two games this season, and those were played early in the season. Graylord had boasted of losing but one game before coming here Monday. The rivalry between these two fine teams has been strong and must be gratifying to the players to feel that their citizens are so loyally back of them.

The Grayling band furnished music at intervals during the game, and during the preliminary game that was played between two high school teams. It added to the pleasantness of the occasion and made it seem more like a real event. There seemed to be a harmonious spirit prevailing among the audience and the players both. Rivalry such as usually accompanies such games frequently leads to over zealousness and some times unpleasant remarks are heard, but such was not the case this time. All was smiles except for the disappointment of the visitors in having to lose the game, but not a single unpleasant remark or feature marred the occasion. Gaylord showed themselves to be good losers. Nor did the intoxication of victory turn the heads of the home people. Such is real sportsmanship, and the only kind is worthy of participation.

Gaylord Grayling
C. Libeke R. F. Reynolds
Keynon (C) L. F. C. Johnson
Cuthill C. C. Milnes
Linendoll R. G. Morrow
J. Libeke J. G. Thompson
Score first half, Gaylord 8 Grayling 19. Final score Gaylord 11 and Grayling 44. Field goals, C. Libeke 2; Keynon, 2; Reynolds, 2; C. Johnson, 4; Milnes, 4; Morrow, 1; Thompson, 1; Charlefour, 7; E. Johnson, 1; Free throws, C. Libeke, 0 in 2; Keynon, 1 in 2; C. Johnson, 3 in 3; Charlefour, 1 in 2. Substitutions: Konarowicz for Linendoll, Fifen for J. Libeke, Charlefour for C. Johnson, E. Johnson for Milnes; F. Libeke for Reynolds. Referee—"Chief" Nevitt of Bay City.

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GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

SERMON ON CARDS AND DANCING

(Continued from last week.)

The following is a continuation of the sermon by Rev. C. E. Doty at the Michelson Memorial church on Sunday, February 19, on card playing and dancing. The part published last week covered principally the matter of dancing. In this article the matter of card playing is taken up.

Briefly we take up the matter of cards. I wish I had been able without serious interruption of my time to keep account of the card parties announced this winter. It might be a surprise. Or are there still those who feel that it is a mark of a progressive and cultured community. Again I hear the question, "What is the harm in a quiet game of cards?" An hour of speech could be used this morning showing the harm and perhaps it would not avail. Forty millions packs of cards were sold in this country last year. They were used for gambling and Wm. Mather Lewis, director of the savings department of the Treasury is reported in the Washington Herald as saying that billions of dollars changed hands last year in gambling. I do not say that every card player is a gambler but I do say that every gambler had to learn how to play the first time at a quiet game of cards. A thing that lends itself so easily to gambling which is reaching such alarming proportions in this country should not have so wide a following among people who claim to have a desire to help the young. People smile at any hint that playing cards leads to gambling. But they must know better if they observe. Surely everyone knows that the gambling reported in Grayling is of but small proportions. There seems to be plenty of places where our boys and girls can see the process. Many say I will teach my children at home but they will not want to play in places they ought not and I can tell them the evils of it. Cases are too numerous where it did not work. Play with the children at home with other games that do not have the huge element of chance as have the cards. And while we speak of gambling, it does not matter in the eyes of courts where the gambling is done if there is a stake it is gambling. One minister in Chicago a while back sent the police to a home where a club of his church women were playing for prizes. The reporter of the incident says the minister was within his rights. Fear not here!

Cards.
"One of the most hurtful effects of cards seems to be the lost art of conversation," says one writer on the subject. "It seems a sad commentary upon our modern social life that so many inclined people have deteriorated to that level that they cannot amuse themselves without resorting to these so called amusements. He speaks of cards, the dance, and the snow. Whether card playing is the cause or the result it is a recognized fact that the fine art of conversation through which people may sharpen their wits and develop their brain power as well as increase their range of knowledge has almost disappeared. To entertain at cards is the cheapest and easiest way to spend an evening. All that need be prepared are the card decks, the tables, and the refreshments." As one writer says, "After greeting her guests any hostess could easily retire to her room, set the alarm, sleep from eight to midnight, then come down and serve the refreshments. There is little probability that she would have been missed at all. Tall spoils the game. It is therefore no mark of culture nor any special recommendation of modern society that it has gone card crazy." O much more might he said about this. But we pass to other considerations. You will agree with me that I have been very conservative in my statements, more than the average preacher.

I want to talk for a few minutes in another way. We only have twenty-four hours in a day. Twenty-four hours a day, to make a living, get recreation, get education, read, build up our mental, physical and spiritual natures. Manifestly, not many of those hours can be foisted away if we care to get anywhere as men and women ought. We are the stewards of those twenty-four hours. God gives us minutes, hours, months, years a few to develop, make life, build nations, produce a race. We have no time for snow.

Some one says, "O he wants to take away all the pleasure of the young people." Not at all. I want them to have wholesome fun and lots of it. The kind that will make them strong, self reliant, big souled and big bodied people. I do not believe the dance and cards tend to produce that kind. Late hours under highly over-stimulated emotional conditions are just plain dissipation. Many of those precious hours of our day are spent in something that never will get one anywhere. Of late and especially this winter it seems to me that every day as I go down town there are from one to three or four big cards announcing a dance or a card party. I ask where do people get the time, except they take it from better things, to go to all these. Where do they get the money except they take it from better things? It has reached the point of the disgusting. This winter when people are hard up according to all reports there have been more dances and card parties than any year I have known. I will tell you one result in a moment. People are mad. It is impossible for fine, noble, and cultured souls to be grown under such conditions. Impossible. It is sheer dissipation in this town at the present time. A waste of money, a waste of valuable time, a mad race for something I do not know what. No harm! In this day no harm! When these amusements are taking our little folk almost out of

CONSERVATION DEPT. TO PRESENT MOTION PICTURES.

At Grayling Opera House Sat. Night March 4. No Extra Charge.

"Bill King and the Bird King" and "From Rio to Creel," two motion picture films showing things of interest to fisherman, hunters and anyone interested in wild life, will be presented by the Department of Conservation at the Grayling Opera House Saturday night, March 4.

These pictures will be brot here under direction of J. H. McGilvray of the State game department. They have been exhibited at the many sportsmen meetings about the state and before other gatherings. They are of special interest and very instructive and should be seen by as many people as possible.

They will be exhibited in connection with the regular evening program and no extra charge will be made to see them.

SNOW STORM DID MUCH DAMAGE

RAILROAD TRAFFIC IMPOSSIBLE. TRAINS ANNULLED.

The snow storms of Wednesday and Thursday completely demolished the railroad service out of Grayling for several hours, and rendered the highway difficult to travel. The snow at first was fine like dry sand and was fully two feet deep on the ground, everywhere. Then Wednesday night came a fleet that feed everything over. This made it still more difficult for horses to travel. They would break thru the crust and sink into the soft snow below, while their feet and legs were being cut by the ice.

And the railroads were having their troubles. Several trains were stuck in the snow between Grayling and Cheboygan and some of the engines ran off the tracks. Every railroad crew that could be mustered were out on the job. By Friday it could be seen that a little headway was being made. And by Saturday the main line was in fairly normal condition, and Monday saw these trains again running their schedules. All freights had been taken off the lines. These are getting back in order. The Lewiston train got thru Tuesday and the East Jordan branch expects to get a train thru today.

One great handicap for the railroads was the fact that the telegraph lines were all out of commission south of West Branch, and train dispatching was out of the question. It will take many weeks to repair the damage that has been done in this line, as the sheet from Pinconning to Standish was so heavy that it carried almost every tower and pole to the ground, causing millions of dollars damage to electric and telephone lines. We were more fortunate in this respect in Grayling for instead of having sheet and rain that froze solid on the wires, we had dry snow, except for a brief time Wednesday night which did no material damage.

The people living in towns along the Michigan Central railroad may indeed be fortunate for the delay in our railroad service was nothing compared with other lines in the state. The G. R. & I. running from Grand Rapids to Mackinaw City hasn't had a train over its lines for more than a week. The track was so buried in snow that it could not be seen, there being nothing except vast fields of glary ice. The Manistee & Northwestern hasn't had a train over the road since Wednesday of last week.

In the cities and towns the tracks are buried underneath heavy ice-covered snow, and it looks as though some of the viaducts will never be dug out but will have to wait for the warm sunshine to relieve the situation.

This seems to have been the greatest snowstorm within the memory of some of our oldest inhabitants. There was snow everywhere—deep, heavy and almost a man killer when attempting to shovel it. The snow on the walks where people walk is as much as three feet deep, all packed hard. Train loads were being hauled out of the yards in the vicinity of the Michigan Central depot and round house, and dumped below the Hornbeam switch beside the deep fills. The snow was heavy on the roofs of buildings and anxious owners have been busy getting the snow shoveled off.

At Lake Margeotte it is reported that the snow is so deep that in some places it is possible to step upon some of the roofs of the cottages from the snow.

Well to say the least we have all the snow that anyone could possibly hope for, and everybody will be glad to see it go away. If it once begins to thaw it is believed that it will go away rapidly for there is no frost in the ground and the water would settle thru the soil quickly.

MICHELSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Lenten Program. (March 1-April 16th.)

March 1—Ash Wednesday, Worship and Communion.

March 5, 12, 19, 26, and April 2, Special Sundays.

Sermons with the forward look.

April 9, Palm Sunday. Special music.

April 16, Easter Sunday. Communion. Special music. Sunday School program.

This should be the season of greatest church attendance and interest in our history. Pack the churches each Sunday and attend as faithfully as other things have been attended the services of the church. Every service has a meaning and a history. The scripture lessons, the hymns, the very prayers are the breath of martyrs and saints of long years of Christian history.

Fall in Grayling citizens and if you have never gone to church go now. Next Sunday; next all Sundays and through the week for better children, better grown ups.

Greater detail next week.

T. N. T.

AN EXPLOSION OF PEDIGRED TRUTH.

STATE TO HAVE HERD OF REINDEER

SIXTY TO ARRIVE FROM NORWAY SOON.

Will be placed on Wild Lands of Upper Michigan.

The State Conservation commission is about to receive sixty reindeer from Norway. C. B. Olivarius of this city is in receipt of a message that the reindeer were shipped from Christiania, Norway, February 24, and would probably arrive in New York about March 10th, on the steamer Bergensfjord.

In the shipment are ten bucks and fifty females. Accompanying them are three Laplanders who will look after the animals and care for them until they are placed upon some of the wide stretches of wild lands in the Upper Peninsula, near Newberry.

So Junction. It is hoped and expected that one of the Laplanders will remain with the herd for a year or longer, or until some of our Americans can be taught the right care of these animals. These reindeer are of a very hardy type and very prolific and it is hoped that in the near future we shall have vast herds of them traveling the wild lands of Northern Michigan.

For some time the Conservation commission has been trying to get a herd of these animals and efforts were made to get them from Alaska, but the cost seemed almost prohibitive, it being \$600.00 per head in Seattle. Mr. C. B. Olivarius, a native of Denmark and a lawyer, who is at present the private secretary of Mr. Rasmus Hanson, of this city, was asked if he believed they could be secured from Norway at a reasonable price. The Conservation commission took the matter up with Mr. Olivarius and requested that he take up negotiations with parties in Norway in an effort to secure a herd of reindeer. This he did with the result that these animals will cost the State of Michigan about \$200.00 a head landed in New York.

All Aboard for a Change.

We may stand at the station when the conductor calls: "All aboard," and let the train go on without us.

It seems right up to a man's deciding whether he wants to stay where he is, and as he is, or to move ahead.

If the latter, he has got to shake himself out of his day dream and say to himself: "Get out of here. Catch the cars. They will soon be gone."

So with our farming; some are so slow to make a change for the better; some to catch on to better ways and better things. Some of us seem to find it too much trouble to think constructively; to plan; to improve in executive ability; easier to starve along and holler "Bad luck;" "Everyone against me;" "The weather;" "The railroads."

The truth may be that the complainer has stagnated.

Forks of the Road.

Every morning a man is at the forks of the road. He can, and does, choose, whether he will travel the un-informed, easy-going, shiftless, growing road that leads to punk, or whether he will travel the get up and dust, do it or die, have something road.

While a man is shooting in his life

(Continued on last page.)

Farm Bureau Notes

R. D. BAILEY
County Agricultural Agent

Pleasant to Have Our Own Way. Most of us would enjoy it greatly if we could go along just as we choose; not having to come up to any standards; unfettered by taxes; ignoring the eternal laws that govern the soil; no fence problems; no weather problems; no school problems; no problems at all.

Study of people so situated, however, shows that such liberty is not for the individual's good. Live fish head up stream. Kites rise against the wind.

The best in men comes out while conquering adverse circumstances. Have Had it a Long Time.

We have had our own way, in a farming sense, a long time. We have used our own ideas of soil management and have seen most farms growing poorer.

We have handled the soil as we wished, and have let enough moisture escape to more than half grow the crop.

We have clung to potatoes and they have got no where.

We have looked

STATE NEWS

Grand Rapids—The fourth annual meeting of the Kent County Boys' conference will be held in Kent City, March 18 and 19.

Marquette—William M. Connelly, twenty-nine, road commission, has announced his candidacy for the state senate from the Ottawa-Muskegon district. He served one term in 1918.

Hudson—Earl Rinehart, 22 years old, riding a bicycle on a footpath of the C. N. railroad trestle, went over the side to the ice 20 feet below, struck on his head and was instantly killed.

Ypsilanti—The Rev. Fr. Frank Kennedy, pastor of St. John's Catholic Church here for the last 29 years, died at his home Feb. 18, at the age of 55. He is survived by three sisters and a brother, all of Detroit.

Iron Mountain—The proposed charter for the commission form of government was buried under a landslide of voters at the polls, being defeated by a majority of 1,147. The vote for the charter was 721, and against 2,138.

Monroe—The city commission has commenced revision of the city charter, necessitated by a vote, authorizing a seven member in place of a three member commission. The proposed changes will be submitted to the voters in August.

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Owosso—There are 46,447 members of the Michigan State Grange in good standing, according to A. B. Cook, of Maple Ridge, state master. There are about 700,000 in the United States he said. The state grange treasury shows a balance of \$50,000 and that of the national grange \$1,000, according to Cook.

Monroe—The huge brick stock barn of George H. Wood, president of the River Raisin Paper Co. of Monroe which was destroyed by fire of undetermined origin, will be rebuilt.

Among the 22 head of cattle burned was a bull worth about \$1,000 and a heifer valued at \$1,500. Damage is estimated at \$40,000.

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Superintendent of Public Instruction John Johnson suggested that it might be abandoned.

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Current farm product prices, he said, although low, compare favorably with the average prices in the last 10 years.

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Three Oaks—The two women members of the Three Oaks common council, Mrs. Maude Arnold and Mrs. Helen Ludeke, have resigned after serving

one year. The reason—"they didn't like the work." "Politics taken too much of a woman's time from her duties as a housewife," said Mrs. Arnold. "Yes," added Mrs. Ludeke, "we'd rather wash dishes than argue over a paying contract."

Centerline—The case against Geo. Cooney of Gladwin, Mich., accused of the murder of William J. Slack, was nolle prossed when it was called for trial before Judge Clayton C. Johnson of Coldwater. Cooney was accused jointly with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Slack, widow of the man whose body was found hanging in the basement of his home in Three Rivers last September. The suicide theory was accepted by the officers until neighbors forced an investigation. Mrs. Slack was acquitted after a brief trial last December.

Kalamazoo—George Gerrie, 14, is near death in a Kalamazoo hospital as the result of serious injuries he suffered Feb. 17, when he fell off a Michigan Central freight train at Galesburg. He was almost scalped when he fell from the coach, on which he and three other Kalamazoo boys were riding home from Battle Creek. His skull was fractured and he sustained other severe bruises and cuts. He was hurried head first onto a pile of ties when the sudden stopping of the car tore his hands loose from the ties. The boy was gripping the

handbrake when the accident occurred.

Lansing—The validity of the new law, providing that men hired in Michigan by Michigan employers and sent outside the state, in the regular course of their employment, shall be protected by the state compensation act, to be tested by an appeal from the industrial accident board made by the Escanaba Manufacturing Co.

Although the case arises out of an accident occurring in the state of Washington, previous to the passage of the 1921 amendment to the compensation law, it involved the right of the state to make extra territorial laws.

Pontiac—Two conflicting reports were filed by the citizens' water committee with the city commission, following long investigation of possible water supply for Pontiac, as the result of dissatisfaction with filtered water from the new \$750,000 plant.

The majority report recommends using well water, which can be had up to 6,000,000 gallons daily, it says, and water additional wells at low pressure wells in the outskirts of the city without the supply. O. A. Shaler filed a minority report, declaring the committee's work to be reliable.

Memorandum is a resolution adopted by the board of education, tax music is abolished at all school.

Grand Rapids—Rev. Spencer C. Haskin, 56, pastor of the East Congregational church for six years, was found unconscious on the sidewalk near his home and died soon afterward. Coroner Leroy says death was due to apoplexy.

Kalamazoo—Mrs. Irene Martin is recovering from the effects of poison tablets, which she swallowed while despondent over the death of her husband and her failure to obtain compensation from the State Industrial Accident Board.

Ann Arbor—Damage estimated at close to \$50,000 was caused by a fire in the building occupied by the Guy Woolfolk clothing store and the Charles Barthell book store at 336 Spring Lake, member of the Ottawa State Street.

Petoskey—Charles Serow, 33, was found guilty in the circuit court in Charlevoix of murdering Steve Durwick, a lumber camp companion, Jan. 30, in Boyne Falls. Both were employed in Cobb & Mitchell's camps. Serow struck his pal with a bar.

Port Huron—Anthony Scully, 40, who while demented, killed his father, Cornelius Scully, with a hammer and badly wounded his sister, was bound over to the circuit court for trial on a charge of murder. The question of Scully's sanity will be determined by the higher court.

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one year. The reason—"they didn't like the work." "Politics taken too much of a woman's time from her duties as a housewife," said Mrs. Arnold. "Yes," added Mrs. Ludeke, "we'd rather wash dishes than argue over a paying contract."

Centerline—The case against Geo. Cooney of Gladwin, Mich., accused of the murder of William J. Slack, was nolle prossed when it was called for trial before Judge Clayton C. Johnson of Coldwater. Cooney was accused jointly with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Slack, widow of the man whose body was found hanging in the basement of his home in Three Rivers last September. The suicide theory was accepted by the officers until neighbors forced an investigation. Mrs. Slack was acquitted after a brief trial last December.

Kalamazoo—George Gerrie, 14, is near death in a Kalamazoo hospital as the result of serious injuries he suffered Feb. 17, when he fell off a Michigan Central freight train at Galesburg. He was almost scalped when he fell from the coach, on which he and three other Kalamazoo boys were riding home from Battle Creek. His skull was fractured and he sustained other severe bruises and cuts. He was hurried head first onto a pile of ties when the sudden stopping of the car tore his hands loose from the ties. The boy was gripping the

handbrake when the accident occurred.

Lansing—The validity of the new law, providing that men hired in Michigan by Michigan employers and sent outside the state, in the regular course of their employment, shall be protected by the state compensation act, to be tested by an appeal from the industrial accident board made by the Escanaba Manufacturing Co.

Although the case arises out of an accident occurring in the state of Washington, previous to the passage of the 1921 amendment to the compensation law, it involved the right of the state to make extra territorial laws.

Pontiac—Two conflicting reports were filed by the citizens' water committee with the city commission, following long investigation of possible water supply for Pontiac, as the result of dissatisfaction with filtered water from the new \$750,000 plant.

The majority report recommends using well water, which can be had up to 6,000,000 gallons daily, it says, and water additional wells at low pressure wells in the outskirts of the city without the supply. O. A. Shaler filed a minority report, declaring the committee's work to be reliable.

500,000 MINERS TO TAKE STRIKE VOTE

ATTITUDE OF MEN ON NATION-WIDE WALKOUT WILL BE KNOWN MARCH 16

OPERATORS FIRM IN REFUSAL

Decline to Meet Representatives of the Miners; Five Mines Now Idle in Colorado.

Chicago—The formal call for a referendum vote by the United Mine Workers of America to determine whether there will be a nation-wide coal strike on April 1 was sent out last week. It was announced by John L. Lewis, president of the union.

More than half a million men are eligible to vote in the referendum, according to William Green, international secretary, who was here after attending the mine and rail unions conference, when a sympathetic alliance of the two groups was agreed to. The miners are to be cast at each mine local before March 10, and the returns filed at the mine workers' union headquarters in Indianapolis by March 15.

Balloons were mailed out along with the call from Indianapolis headquarters. Mr. Green said.

John Burke, 33, was found guilty in the circuit court in Charlevoix of murdering Steve Durwick, a lumber camp companion, Jan. 30, in Boyne Falls. Both were employed in Cobb & Mitchell's camps. Serow struck his pal with a bar.

Port Huron—Anthony Scully, 40, who while demented, killed his father, Cornelius Scully, with a hammer and badly wounded his sister, was bound over to the circuit court for trial on a charge of murder. The question of Scully's sanity will be determined by the higher court.

Iron Mountain—The proposed charter for the commission form of government was buried under a landslide of voters at the polls, being defeated by a majority of 1,147. The vote for the charter was 721, and against 2,138.

Monroe—The city commission has commenced revision of the city charter, necessitated by a vote, authorizing a seven member in place of a three member commission. The proposed changes will be submitted to the voters in August.

Battle Creek—Kenneth Wine, 19, is in jail, charged with entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to commit murder. The complainant is his former sweetheart, Olive McCarey, 17, who says she told him two weeks ago that she did not want to see him again.

Kalamazoo—Charles Serow, 33, was found guilty in the circuit court in Charlevoix of murdering Steve Durwick, a lumber camp companion, Jan. 30, in Boyne Falls. Both were employed in Cobb & Mitchell's camps. Serow struck his pal with a bar.

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The Girl, a Horse and a Dog

By
FRANCIS
LYNDE

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"THE GIRL!"

Synopsis. — Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton estate, valued at something like \$100,000, left a safe repository, latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, hair black and hair white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a practical joke, but after consideration of the circumstances, goes off on his way to Denver. Stanford hears from a fellow traveler, Charles Bullerton, a mining engineer, a story having to do with a flooded mine. He guesses at the possibility of a mine as a "safe repository." Bullerton refuses him information. Broughton starts for Placerville, in the Red Desert. At Atropia, in the Red Desert, he sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. Unable to secure a conveyance, Broughton sets a track-inspection car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Bentley, that he is demented. Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Gentle reader, I wonder if you've ever tried to climb a telegraph pole without the contrivances that a line-man buckles upon his feet? If you haven't, the advice of this amateur is: "Half a dozen times I climbed up to the height of a man's head, only to come sliding down again on a run. At last, by a series of inchoates I contrived to get within arm's reach of the lowest crosspiece. Pliers in hand, I strained for the nearest wire, pronged it, and began to twist it back and forth—until it began to twist me."

Not to let me miss any of the thrills, it was at the precise instant of the wire breaking that my straining ears caught the sound they had been listening for: a far-away, drumming rumble that seemed to come from nowhere. In particular, then, out of the same indefinite circumstances came a warning that was still more unmistakable—the long-drawn blast of a locomotive whistle.

I didn't climb down that pole. I came down like the time-ball on the flagstaff in Washington at high noon. Moreover, I struck the ground running, as one might say. All thoughts of tinkering that confounded motor had vanished and my one great object in life was to get the car off the track, before a worse thing should happen, I was doing fairly well with the lifting and tugging when the enemy were in sight, less than five hundred yards away. And that wasn't all, either. At

precisely the same instant, as it had been timed by the same mechanism that had brought the freight train, here came a wild engine around the curve in the opposite direction, with its whistle valve held open and making a racket to wake the dead. The left-motor-car riders had found a locomotive somewhere and were chasing me.

One mad heave at the stranded gasoline car, a mighty boost that got all but one wheel of it in the clear, and I was gone— streaking it like a jack-rabbit for the tall timber—only there wasn't a stick of timber nearer than the stones of the background mountains.

One glance over my shoulder as I fled showed me what I was in for; that the story was to be immediately continued in our next. Both engineers tried to stop; did stop in time to avert the greater catastrophe. Three or four men jumped from the freight and two from the wild engine to come tearing after me. I fancied I could give them their money's worth at that game being in pretty fair training—so I pitched out to try to turn the hypothetical theory into a condition.

It was a great race. Through one gap and into another we went, making figure eights around the hills and back again, dodging into new ravines and out of them into others, circling among great sandstone boulders that took all sorts of weird shapes in the passing glimpse.

I don't know just how long the chase lasted, but it was long enough to give me a very considerable degree of respect for the nerve and persistence of those highly-indignant railroad men. We must have been miles away from the scene of the disaster when I finally left them behind and lost them. When I looked back and found myself alone with the scuttles, I sat down upon a flat rock to gasp and laugh. It had all been so supremely ridiculous, and so beautifully kept in the reputation I had left behind me at Angels, that I felt sure that now nothing less than a verdict of expert alienist would ever serve to convince these Red Desert folk that I was anything but an escaped lunatic.

After the breathing spell I kept on up the valley, heading away from the setting sun, and feeling certain that, sooner or later, I must come out somewhere in the neighborhood of Atropia.

Two hours later I came into a sort of an excuse for a road. Being pretty well winded by the stiff climb out of the canyon ravine, I sat down at the roadside to rest a bit and to decide which way I should go, to the right or to the left. Just as I was making up my mind I heard a patter of feet and a dog barked.

A moment later I could see the beast, indistinctly. He had been coming up the road and had stopped at the sight—or scent—of me. Since a dog argued the proximity of a dog-eating human being, I called out: "Here, Towser—here come on, old fellow—that's a boy!" and the curious thing about it is that he did it, running in a little way and stopping

and finally coming to squat before me and to lift a paw for me to shake. I jolted him a bit and let him nose me to his heart's content. Then suddenly, as if he had discovered a long-lost master, he broke away and began to leap and dance around me, barking a furious and hilarious welcome. In the midst of this hubbub I heard hoofbeats and the squeaking of saddle leather, and the dog's owner rode up. At first I thought the dimly outlined Sietson-hatted figure in the saddle was that of a boy. But it was a woman's voice, and a mighty pleasant one, that called to the dog: "Down, Barney, and behave yourself—what's the matter with you, sir?"

I stood up and pulled off my cap. "I chiefly the matter," I said. "Your dog seems to think he knows me, and I'm awfully sorry that his memory is so much better than mine."

You'd think anybody would think that a woman riding alone in the dark on a solitary mountain road would be handsomely startled, to say the least, at seeing a man rise up fairly under her horse's nose. But if my little lady were scared, she certainly didn't parade her fright.

"Barney is such a foolish dog, sometimes," she said apologetically. "He has a double brain, you know; half of it is good-natured and silly and the other half is—well, it's—"

The dog had come around again wagging his tail—and at that magic word "half" I stooped to let him stick his cold nose into my palm. The act brought me near enough to enable me to see him better, and I had to clap a hand over my mouth to keep from shouting out and scaring the entire combination into wild stampede. For, if you'll believe me, the dog was my dog. One-half of his face was white and the other was so black that it merged and faded harmoniously into the night!

"I know," I said, straightening up again, "my brain acts that way, but sometimes." Then: "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me the color of the horse you are riding?"

The young woman laughed and her laugh was just as jolly and pleasant as her speaking voice. "Winkie is what the cow-men call a 'pinto'—a calico horse," she answered promptly.

"Sure!" I bellowed, "I knew it!" and the horse shied and the dog barked in sheer sympathy. Then I apologized. "Please forgive the explosion. As I said a minute ago, my brain sometimes acts like Barney's: half of it being good-natured and silly and the other half—well, we'll omit the description of the other half for the present, if you'll permit me. May I—er—will you have the goodness to tell me where I am?"

"I—why—dear me! Don't you know where you are?"

"Not any more than a harmless, necessary goat, I assure you."

I couldn't be certain, but I thought she took a little firmer hold upon her bridle rein.

"Did you—did you come from Angels?" she asked in a sort of awed little voice.

"How did you guess it? I was, indeed, for a very short space of time this very day—a member of the Angels band. And if you should ask me, I might say that I feel as though I had walked most of the way here from Angels. I—I—my car broke down, you know?"

"Yes," she said: "I know—just as if it should. Then: 'I can at least tell you where you are. This is the southern slope of Cinnabar mountain. This road leads down to Atropia, about three miles below.'

"Yes; Atropia was the place I was trying to come to."

She stopped and appeared to be thinking about something. Then she said:

"Really, I think you would better not 'go' to Atropia. It's—well, it's quite a long walk."

"The walk doesn't especially appeal. I've done so much walking this afternoon that a few hundred miles, more or less, in addition wouldn't be worth mentioning. But for some other reasons—"

"Yes; for some other reasons," she said, repeating it right after me. Then: "I—we—Daddy and I, might give you some supper and put you up for the night, if—if you wouldn't mind sleeping in the—in the loft."

My Lord! I hadn't so much as seen her face clearly 'till, but I could have worshipped her! She had just come from Atropia, and she knew! Of course, she knew. That little dry-as-dust hamlet must have been sizzling for hours with the wire news of the escaped lunatic who had alighted in Angels only to light out again with a stolen inspection car. And in the face of all that she was willing to take a chance on me! If she had only known that I would cheerfully risk sleeping in the cellar—to say nothing of a loft—rather than lose sight of her . . . but she was going on a bit breathlessly: "It is only a short mile to our cabin and—if you are very tired, I might let you ride Winkle."

"I shall be most delighted—to walk," I hastened to say.

"Straight on up the road, then," she directed.

We had traversed possibly half of the promised mile in plodding silence when we came to a place where the grade was so steep that it cut what was left of my sea-level wind to the small-end-of-nothing.

"Stop a minute and get your breath," said the pony's rider; and when I had halted: "You are not used to these high altitudes, are you?"

"N—not so that any one would remark it!" I gasped. "How high up are we?"

"About five thousand feet. The mine is exactly five thousand three hundred, I believe."

There it was, you see: THE MINE! "Pardon me," I blurted out; "but would you mind telling me if your eyes are blue?"

Her laugh was like a drink of cool spring water in the middle of a hot summer day; refreshing, you know, a furious and hilarious welcome. In the midst of this hubbub I heard hoofbeats and the squeaking of saddle leather, and the dog's owner rode up.

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ADMISSIONS AVAILABLE

ADMISSIONS	PRICE
Admission	25c
Admission	50c
Admission	75c
Admission	1.00
Admission	1.25
Admission	1.50
Admission	2.00
Admission	2.50

Reserve to secure admission at the **POSTUMA**, **GRAYLING**, **MI.** and the **POST** of **COUNCIL** of **MARCH 3, 1929**

G. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1929.

Pull For Grayling or Pull Out

GRAYLING SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued from First Page.)

Afternoon programs were given last Friday by the Senior class. The program was as follows:

Orchestra.

Solo—Mrs. Milnes.

Orchestra.

Solo—Beatrice Richards.

H. S. Chorus.

Recitation—Ruth Taylor.

Orchestra.

H. S. Quartet.

Recitation—Eleanor Schumann and Ruth McCullough.

Recitation—Anna Kurek.

H. S. Chorus.

Solo—Helen Behlike.

Orchestra.

Singing—En Massa.

The Juniors will not give the next program as planned because of the nearness of the J. Hop.

Don't forget the famous Hawaiian next Friday March 3, High school auditorium.

Spire.

Wilson Blisner says that in order to become a good engineer one must have good eyesight and earsight.

A bright general science student.

"Old rivers are broad wide rivers."

Can you imagine?

Heber Smith with bobbed hair?

Ruth McCullough getting E?

Kristine Salling with her hair done up?

Maxwell Yahr whispering?

Nyland Houghton failing his Geom.

ETC.

The girls' basket ball team playing with the boys?

Lyle Bennett playing center on the basket ball team?

The Civics 12 with their lesson?

Tracy getting to school on time?

Almer Smith missing a dance?

Edgar McPhee playing a saxophone?

Buelah Collins as a chorus girl?

Advice to girls with bobbed hair—Keep your hats on in the theatre so the people behind you can see.

Miss Fuller (in physics class): "What is ordinarily used?"

Eleonor Schumann: "Why ever?"

Miss E. "Correct. You tell me what is the unit of power?"

E. S. "The what, man?"

Miss E. "That will do, very good."

Why do you hate to go to school?

If you don't you are something from the ordinary. If you are one of the ordinary you will no doubt say, "Aw the teacher's an old, crab-kicking when you've got your lesson and kicking cause you haven't; school is too much of a grind; it takes the best part of your life away. You have to stay in and grind, grind, the enjoyment the teacher sitting up there loathing over your misery. It's algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, literature, or some such escape of gas that some 'bright guy' thought about."

STOP! One moment, and see all this is an escape of gas it might be on your part of the case.

"Where do you suppose you got all the things that make life easier, if it wasn't for the 'bright guy'?" How about the teacher loathing over you? Is she doing it? We doubt it. We think she's praying for her thankfulness that she is not in your shoes. She is no doubt wishing she could help.

If you don't believe it you'll have the satisfaction of doing some of the loathing yourself. If you stick out "Stick it out" and that out for sure. It seems to us that school is like taking your first swim in the cold swimming hole—it's awful to jump in and stay in long enough to get wet, but "Oh boy" it's great when you're out. Maybe we are wrong, best way to find out is to try it out, then tell us we are wrong. "Oh so gently please."

Be sure and come to the school auditorium, March 3. The Editors.

TETU-SMITH

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was solemnized Wednesday morning, February 22nd at nine o'clock at St. Joseph's Church, West Branch, when Miss Florence B. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Smith, became the bride of Mr. Francis X. Tetu of this city, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Fr. W. J. Hasenberger.

The young couple were attended by Miss Colletta C. Smith, sister of the bride, and Mr. John S. Baler of Bay City, Michigan.

The bride wore a gown of white georgette over white satin. She wore a full veil arranged in cap effect held in place by a bandage of silver leaves and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of bride roses, white sweet peas and freesias.

The bridesmaid was gowned in pale green crepe de chine with white picture hat and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations and sweet peas.

At the ceremony and elaborate wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride which was artistically decorated in pink and white the chosen colors of the bride.

The bride is a graduate of West Branch high school and for the past two years has been employed in the Commercial Bank at West Branch. The groom is engaged in the transportation here.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bousson, Mrs. Harold Rasmussen and son, Robert, the Misses Arvelle Tetu and Fedora Moncur, Mr. and Mrs. Angus McPhee and daughter Lucille all of Grayling, Miss Maud Tetu and Mr. John Baler of Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Tetu are at home with friends in this city.

The girls' basket ball team playing with the boys?

Lyle Bennett playing center on the basket ball team?

The Civics 12 with their lesson?

Tracy getting to school on time?

Almer Smith missing a dance?

Edgar McPhee playing a saxophone?

Buelah Collins as a chorus girl?

Advice to girls with bobbed hair—Keep your hats on in the theatre so the people behind you can see.

Miss Fuller (in physics class): "What is ordinarily used?"

Eleonor Schumann: "Why ever?"

Miss E. "Correct. You tell me what is the unit of power?"

E. S. "The what, man?"

Miss E. "That will do, very good."

Why do you hate to go to school?

If you don't you are something from the ordinary. If you are one of the ordinary you will no doubt say, "Aw the teacher's an old, crab-kicking when you've got your lesson and kicking cause you haven't; school is too much of a grind; it takes the best part of your life away. You have to stay in and grind, grind, the enjoyment the teacher sitting up there loathing over your misery. It's algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, literature, or some such escape of gas that some 'bright guy' thought about."

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The Primary room are making bunting this week.

The next entertainment will be given at the Opera House Mar. 17. The Kleptomaniac will be one of the big features. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Senior class.

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LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1922.

Bake Sales every Saturday at Simpson's store. John Dye of Roscommon was in Grayling Thursday on business.

Supt. C. M. Morfit of the DuPont has been in Wilmington, Del., for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Behlike and family are moving this week to their new home in Bay City.

Be sure you are registered to vote at the Village election. Next Saturday is the last chance.

There will be a regular meeting of Grayling chapter No. 83 O. E. S. on Wednesday evening March 8th.

Going to Gaylord with the basket ball team next Monday? Have a good time and get into the spirit. Everybody goes.

Supt. B. E. Smith was in Chicago first of the week to attend the annual meeting of the National Educational association.

Mrs. R. D. Bailey returned Sunday morning from a three weeks visit with her son, Edward D. Bailey, in Mt. Pleasant, and her daughter, Mrs. Lucille Hagle, in Vassar.

To celebrate her 12th birthday Miss Ada Kidston invited sixteen young girls to her home Monday afternoon.

The time was spent very pleasantly playing games. Shirley McNeven, Norma Mitchell and Clara Willett were the lucky winners of prizes in the contests and puzzles. Mrs. Kidston served a delicious lunch.

Regular meeting of Rebekahs Monday night, Mar. 6.

See the Good-Luck Ring on display at the Gift Shop. B. A. Cooley.

You can buy No. 1 Timothy Hay at Salling Hanson Co. store for \$20.00 per ton.

Supt. B. E. Smith and family are moving into the house vacated by the E. W. Behlike family.

Mr. J. Lani Pa is a good talker and his remarks will be intensely interesting. His quiet humor will create many a hearty laugh Friday, March 3, at the High school auditorium. Keep your feet dry this spring. Save a doctor bill. Rubber boots for 3 years old add up, also men's light end-heavy hip boots and a complete line of shoe rubbers. Get them now while getting is good. Boots \$2.00 and up. E. J. Olson.

If you wish to vote at the Village election March 13, and are not already registered, you may do so by calling on Township Clerk Chris J. Jenson at the Michigan Central freight office at any time before next Sunday Mar. 5. You cannot register after next Saturday for this election.

Gladwin is in the grip of a heavy coat of sleet and ice, which has caused great damage. The storm started Tuesday night, and the heavy weight of ice has broken down trees, electric light and telephone poles, putting electric lights and telephones out of commission.—Gladwin Record.

J. Lani Pa quartet, March 3, H. S. Mr. Pa, who specializes in the steel guitar and ukulele is not only capable of rendering by instrument and voice all the haunting melodies of his native land, but with no less remarkable facility he can explain in just what quantities the weirdness of Hawaiian music consists.

Tanlac is the ideal strengthener and body builder, for old folks. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

John Holiday left Tuesday for Detroit on business.

Mrs. and Mrs. Herbert J. Gothro were in Gaylord Monday.

Miss Phyllis Laidlaw of Bay City was in Grayling Monday.

Mrs. George Welsh left Friday for Flint, to visit relatives.

O. F. Barnes of Lansing was in the city on business last week.

H. A. Shields of Gaylord was in Grayling on business Tuesday.

Miss Mae Richardson spent Sunday with her parents at Roscommon.

Mrs. Leo Jorgenson and Forest Barber were in Detroit Friday on business.

Here's a bargain—No. 1 Timothy Hay for \$20.00 a ton.

Salling Hanson Co.

Dan Hoelsli attended a convention of the Standard Oil Co., at Cheboygan Wednesday.

Mose Blodin of Mackinaw has been visiting at the home of his sister Mrs. Dan Ifoosh.

Mrs. Ben Shore and daughter Marjorie Jane spent the week end in Bay City visiting relatives.

Miss Beatrice Ketzbeck of Gaylord visited at the home of her cousin Mrs. Carl Doron Monday.

The J. Lani Pa quartet presents "A musical travelogue on the Hawaiian Islands," March 3, H. S. auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ketzbeck returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives in Kalkaska and Saginaw.

Mrs. Ross Sparkes and son of Detroit arrived Thursday to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Smith.

Next Saturday is positively the last chance to register for the Village election. See the Village Clerk at the Michigan Central freight depot.

Don't miss the supper to be given by the "Red" team of the Eastern Star chapter, to be given at the Masonic Temple next Wednesday, Mar. 8.

Mrs. B. A. Cooley is in Detroit this week. She says that she intends to return with the finest line of spring hats that has ever been shown in Grayling.

Now is the time to have that spring suit cleaned, repaired and pressed, before the rush of new work for spring. Hendrickson Bros., South Side, Phone 014.

The O. E. S. held initiation Friday evening. Mrs. Margaret Yahr, Mrs. Minnie Martin and Miss Donna Lockoff were initiated. Afterwards a social time and lunch were enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Charles Wilbur returned from Detroit Sunday night where she had been visiting for some time. She was accompanied home by her daughter Mrs. George S. Wendt and little daughter Mary Jane.

The Womans Home Missionary society of the Michelson Memorial church will meet at the home of Mrs. Phillip Zalsman next Wednesday, Mar. 8 at 2:30 o'clock. A good program is being prepared. At these interested are invited to be present.

Standish is about to engage a resident band master, and Frank Walton, a former leader of Grayling band is being considered. Mr. Walton is a finished musician and the Standish band members should consider themselves fortunate if they are able to secure the services of such a capable band master.

"Is spring come?" Seeley Wakely reports that he saw crows Monday last. These birds are very good harbingers of the after-winter season and many will be led to believe that the spring time is about here. This will be joyful news as this has been a real closed winter with lots of snow and cold weather.

Miss Jennie Ingle entertained twelve ladies of the 16 Suits us Club Monday evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. H. Joseph and Mrs. Lucy Robinson and at the close of the game a daintily appointed lunch was served. Mrs. Will Havens will entertain the same group on Tuesday evening March 7, at her home.

Oriental superstition?—Perhaps so, but at least an interesting relic of Asiatic antiquity. Alleged by the Chinese to be almost uncanny in its power to bring to the wearer, GOOD LUCK—health, happiness, prosperity, and long life. This odd looking ring excited great interest when observed on your finger. An unusual gift. Find them at the Gift Shop.

B. A. Cooley, Mayor Geo. Olson and Tony Nelson have deposited with the Michigan Central railroad \$147.00 as a guarantee fund for the running of a special train to Gaylord next Monday night for the basket ball game. Get your tickets of either of these gentlemen, and not of the ticket agent at the depot. 75 passengers have been guaranteed, therefore these gentlemen must sell that many tickets. Buy from them early.

The roof of the Collens pavilion at Lake Margrethe, collapsed under a heavy weight of snow, Saturday, and crashed thru the floor below.

There is nothing left of the structure except the concrete foundation and the porches, and the salvage that can be recovered from the broken timbers in the way of kindling wood. George Collens says that it will be rebuilt as soon as possible next spring, and enlarged by the addition of a dining room and kitchen.

Some of our residents living down the river report that they have not been away from their homes since last week Wednesday and some were beginning to run short of food. How ever Tuesday was a fine bright day and some of the men were able to snow-shoe to Grayling for supplies.

The Department of conservation at Lansing sent out warnings to the several game warden in the northern part of the state that there was great danger of the deer dying for the want of food. The matter was called to the attention of Jos. C. Burton and he circulated a petition for funds with which to purchase hay. In almost no time he had enough money with which to buy a ton. This was distributed at several points about Lake Margrethe where it is known there are many deer. George Schaefer and Dick Babbitt distributed the hay. This, it is believed, will tide the animals over until the snow has sufficiently gone and they are again able to pick their living from the ground and trees.

Who has ever heard of a rug in room size for \$4.25. We have a lot on display now. Six different patterns, beautiful decorations made of Japanese grass, suitable for dining rooms, bed rooms, sun parlors and many other places. 6 x 9 at the above mentioned price. Sorenson Bros.

The Detroit Times and the Avalanche one year by mail for \$6.00. The regular price is \$6.00. This offer is for a short time only.

The natural, refreshing sleep of a healthy body is enjoyed by those who take Tanlac. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

ARMAND
COMPLEXION POWDER
in LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

ARMAND is all a woman could desire in a face powder—soft, clinging and invisible!

All the better shops carry Armand in Bouquet and Cold Cream Powder. Armand Bouquet, a fairly dense powder, is 50c, and Armand Cold Cream Powder, a very dense and clinging powder, is \$1.

A. M. LEWIS
YOUR DRUGGIST



DRUGGIST

A Smart Time Aye!
Weighed Only 50
Pounds—Now Weigh
112 Pounds and

TANLAC

is what built me up so
wonderfully, says Mrs.
Barbara Weber, 315
Van Ness Ave., San
Francisco. She is but
one of thousands simi-
larly benefited.

If you are under weight, if
your digestion is impaired, if
you are weak and unable to
enjoy life to the fullest meas-
ure, you should take Tanlac.
At all good druggists.

WINS \$5,000

Another big puzzle contest just started
at Mrs. E. R. Rees'. This fascinating puzzle
is all the rage. Everybody's playing it.

This is the biggest and most exciting puzzle
ever offered. The Grand Prize is \$5,000. 102 other big cash
prizes. Total, 103 in all! Win one of them.
One thousand dollars is the grand total to
try. The picture puzzle is free.

Amazing Health and Beauty Discovery
Reeves' Yeast Tablets, the great Vitamin
Health Builders. Contains all the vital
vitamins and minerals, plus the
nourishment from the food you eat. Vitamins
make about a wonderful change in
the body. If the body is properly nourished, all the
vital and vigor of youth come back. Eyes
are brighter, skin is smoother, hair is
thicker, the pure-rich blood that courses through
the veins. A spring step, a snap of walk,
and a smile on the face. You are
now young of how old you are, you need
Vitamins. And Reeves' Yeast Tablets
supply all the vitamins you need.

6,000-Piece Picture—FREE!

But you don't have to buy Reeves' Yeast
Tablets to get this picture. Just send for the \$5,000 "Reeves" puzzle
picture. Great big clear picture free—
just send for it today. To E. R. Rees',
103 East 11th and Spruce Sts., Dept. 147,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAPE BRETON ISLAND



Bay of St. Anne, Cape Breton.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Close to home, yet less known to Americans than many parts of Europe, Cape Breton Island, a part of Nova Scotia, is far from being the "few acres of snow" that Voltaire contemptuously dubbed it in the days when France and England were at each other's throats over it. It is surely an island, and for all practical purposes may be considered the outermost point of Canada's mainland.

Perhaps many who have not seen this land think of it as Voltaire did, but it has its fruitful apple orchards and a thriving general agriculture, and growth is remarkably rapid, once vegetation is started. It has, too, all the ingredients for industrial success in this "Steel Age"—iron ore, coal and limestone. And, unlike these of the competing iron-producing regions of North America, Cape Breton's minerals are at the water's edge, where the finished product can be handled most cheaply.

The ports of Cape Breton are closer to Europe and Africa by hundreds of miles than any others on the North American continent; and, surprisingly to those who have not closely studied their maps, the distance from Cape Breton to Rio de Janeiro is less than that from New Orleans to Rio.

A less material but important asset of Cape Breton is its scenery and climate. Relatively few American tourists have "discovered" the island yet, but those who have swept by its charms. Its summers are pleasantly cool, and its winters, thanks to the proximity of the Gulf stream, relatively mild. A principal pleasure feature and beauty spot is the island's inland sea, the beautiful Bras d'Or lakes, a paradise for yachtsmen.

Cape Breton's history is old and full. Undoubtedly her coasts were frequented by Norwegian rovers as early as the tenth century, and we can have it on the authority of the Flemish geographer that the island was discovered and named by Basque fishermen who crossed the Atlantic in pursuit of whales a hundred years before the voyages of Columbus.

John Cabot's Landfall.

It is from the voyages of the Cabots, however, that Cape Breton dates her history. The highland to the north of the island is now generally agreed to have been the hunting of John Cabot—the first sighting of North America, of which we have record. Peter Martyr's account of the voyage of the younger Cabot in 1498, when the island was claimed in the name of King Henry, shows that a landing was made on these northern shores at least a year before Columbus touched upon the mainland of the continent.

Standing half-out in the Atlantic—the most easterly-extreme of the Dominion of Canada, Cape Breton owes much of her colorful history to her geographical position. She reaches out into the ocean trade lanes, the landfall of west-bound shipping today as in the time of the Cabots.

Two centuries ago her commanding position with reference to the trade of the St. Lawrence and the West Indies made Cape Breton an issue in world politics, an issue sometimes disturbing the peace of Europe and upsetting the treaties of the powers. The fortunes of the little island, now under the red cross of St. George, now under the gold lilies of France, are a part of the continent's history—the greater part of it a war history.

The story of Louisburg, a fortress 25 years in the building, at a cost of six millions of dollars—more than four times that sum in the value of our money—its two sieges, and its final demolition, is the best-known chapter of Cape Breton's history.

The fortress became not only the base of French naval power in America, but, with outlying posts at St. Peters, Ingonish, and St. Anns, the report of privateers that infested the New England coast and the haven to which they converged their spoils.

Upon the outbreak of war between France and England, in 1744, to the colonists of Massachusetts and New Hampshire the reduction of this stronghold was a highly attractive project.

Capture of Louisburg.

The first siege, capture of Louisburg by the little band of New England militiamen under Pepperell, with the British West India fleet under War-

ron, probably foreshadowed the American Revolution.

With the closing of this refuge of Atlantic privateers, "marine insurance on Anglo-American vessels" fell at once from 30 to 12 per cent! Subsequently the Island was restored to France, and again the fortunes of war made it permanently a British possession.

The giant fortress of Louisburg was demolished in favor of the newly fortified base at Halifax—a military necessity that is deplored by the visitor of today.

And yet in all its desolation, one thrill to the glory of its past. Here are the remains of the Paupin's gate, yonder can be traced the bomb-proof casements of the king's Bastion, and on one of these grassy mounds stood the citadel where fair ladies and gallant gentlemen of France graced the grand ball on that fatal eve of Pepperell's arrival in Gabarus Bay.

Not until 1784, when the island became temporarily a separate colony, with its own governor, were grants of land to settlers permitted. To it in the late years of the Eighteenth and the opening of the Nineteenth century came a great number of hardy Scotch-saxons. In this way the island became "as Gaelic as the most Gaelic part of Scotland." Though there are considerable French Acadian settlements, a more or less cosmopolitan population in the vicinity of the mining districts, and many descendants of the old United Empire Loyalists stock the P. E. V.'s of the province, Cape Breton is still predominantly Highland Scottish in its population.

The finest scenery in the Maritime provinces is to be found in northern Cape Breton and through the lovely Bras d'Or Lake region of the interior.

Bras d'Or Lakes.

Most striking of the island's physical features is this inland sea, known in its two sections as the Great and Little Bras d'Or Lakes. Widening out from its two Atlantic entrances, it extends in its 150 square miles of area through the heart of the island—nearly a thousand miles of interior coastline, bordering all four counties and forming an enchanting succession of wide harbors, island-dotted bays, and deep fjord-like channels. A ship canal deep fjord-like channels. A ship canals through St. Peters across the old Indian portage of Nicholas Denys's time, connects the lake waters with the Strait of Canso.

This inland waterway was of great strategic value to the French, as at a later period it was a valuable means of transportation—indeed, the only means of transportation at first—to the Highland Scottish settlers. Today it affords easy access to the markets of the Sydneys for the farmers of the interior, no less than a natural playground for the people of the industrial centers.

The drive along the north shore of Cape Breton is surprisingly lovely. Landward there are ever the hills, near and remote, the green meadows of farmlands abounding in milk and Celtic hospitality; seaward the Atlantic, and in the distance, sheer out of the ocean, towers "Smoky."

Once seen, the view looking southward from Smoky is never forgotten.

Headland after headland in outline reaching out to the eastward, plaster cliffs dazzling white against the distant blue, and 1,200 feet below, the long roll of the Atlantic.

Rescued Too Late.

I once was employed at a small shop where they had neither furnace nor steam heat. The room was heated by one large stove. There was a young man there. We were pretty good friends. He had a habit of changing his shoes. One day I happened to be working around where he kept his good shoes.

In a joking way I said, "If you don't have these shoes I will throw them in the stove."

I picked them up and went over to the stove. There was a lot of waste paper in it. So I just laid them on top of it, not knowing there was fire on the bottom. I went over to him and told him I had put them there. He went over to get them, and, much to my surprise, the paper had ignited. The shoes did not burn up entirely, but they were utterly ruined.—Ex-Change.

At an Employment Agency.

"Will you look at the cook?"

"No; when I pick 'em out by looks, always get disappointed."

"Well!"

"Line 'em up. I'll shut my eyes and take the first one I grab."

Fussy About the Song.

"Brown says he will sell his country place for a song."

"Yes, I know, but as soon as you start to give him a song he tells you you haven't got the right notes."

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DEVEREUX LINDNER

THE ALARM CLOCK

"At any rate, it isn't my fault," said the Alarm Clock to the watch which was lying on the bureau.

"What isn't your fault? I didn't know any one had blamed you for anything," said the Watch.

"Well, I haven't exactly been blamed for anything, but still I am grumbling-about. You see, it is this way:

"There is a little English boy named Eugene, and every night he sets the alarm at seven o'clock. That means, Watch, that I am set so I will ring at seven o'clock in the morning and wake him up.

"Never have I failed to do so. Never, Never. I ring at the hour I am set to ring at. That is the way the Alarm Clock does.

"The Alarm Clock does its duty as it is told. But to continue about this little boy named Eugene. He says evening after evening—in fact I've never known him to miss an evening:

"Now, I must get up early tomorrow morning. I have so much to do."

"That is as far as it goes," said the Alarm Clock.

"As far as what goes?" asked the Clock.

"You don't mean that you don't go beyond that time, do you?" it asked.

"No, no," said the Alarm Clock. "I mean it is as far as it goes as Eugene is concerned. He sets me every night to go off at seven o'clock, as I've said."

"Every night he says that he must get up early the next morning. He calls seven o'clock early, by the way!"

"And yet he never gets up at seven o'clock. That is the joke.

"One would think that at times he wouldn't bother to set me so early when he wasn't going to get up that hour. But he has never yet failed to set me at seven o'clock and yet he has never once arisen at that hour.

"Ah, but wait a moment," continued the Alarm Clock.

"I can't wait another moment," said the Watch. "For I have a reputation

of being a good alarm clock."

Use of Purebred Sires as Improvers of Productive Capacity of Cows is Rapidly Gaining Favor.

bers are being benefited by such co-operative associations even more than the organizers had anticipated.

Some form of co-operative breeding is essential to the proper growth of the dairy industry in many sections of the country, for the reason that the average herd at present is so small that the owner cannot afford to buy a good purebred bull, and it is certain that the herds of the future will not be large enough to change this condition materially. The movement to get more people living on farms and in villages to keep family cows tends to diminish the average size of the herd, for the one or two cows kept by each family are really a herd to themselves, but owners of small herds cannot afford to keep a bull. They, therefore, depend upon neighboring bulls, and the co-operative associations are one means of providing for such cows the service of high-class bulls.

The dairy extension men in South Carolina, for example, realizing the importance of the co-operative bull association, have made it a part of their campaign for "two cows to each rural family," and they have set as a goal the organization in their state of 114 co-operative bull associations.

I had not quite told my story correctly and that I didn't want you to finish listening until I had finished telling.

"Of course not, of course not," said the alarm clock. "I didn't really mean for you to wait a moment. I meant that I had not quite told my story correctly and that I didn't want you to finish listening until I had finished telling.

"All right," said the Watch. "I am still listening."

"I said," the Alarm Clock went on, "that he had always set me at seven o'clock, and that he had never arisen at seven o'clock."

"The first part is quite true. But the second part isn't quite true."

"Has he ever gotten up at seven?" the watch asked.

"Yes," said the Alarm Clock. "He does it every morning."

"But, alarm clock," said the Watch, "you surprise me. First you say one thing in a very decided manner, and then you say another in just as decided a manner. Truly, Alarm Clock, I do not understand you. I fear you will upset my poor work if you talk like that and excite me so."

"I will explain," said the Alarm Clock.

"Every night he sets me to go off at seven o'clock."

"So you told me," said the Watch.

"And every morning he gets up at seven and turns me off!" He never really gets up at seven. He only changes his mind every morning at seven.

"He has planned the night before to get up early, but when morning comes he regularly changes his mind and decides he can hurry through his breakfast and dressing and can allow himself another half hour's sleep.

"Little Eugene is very fond of sleep, I might add."

"It's hardly necessary for you to add that," said the Watch. "I judge that much."

"But imagine always setting me so he could get up early and then only turning me off again when I start to go off, and setting me for a half hour later on."

"Isn't that quite the most absurd thing you've heard of in all your watch life?"

"Quite," said the Watch, "but as you said, it isn't your fault, Alarm Clock. You do the best you can."

"Thank you, Watch. That thought is very comforting."

At an Employment Agency.

"Will you look at the cook?"

"No; when I pick 'em out by looks, always get disappointed."

"Well!"

"Line 'em up. I'll shut my eyes and take the first one I grab."

Fussy About the Song.

"Brown says he will sell his country place for a song."

"Yes, I know, but as soon as you start to give him a song he tells you you haven't got the right notes."

At an Employment Agency.

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The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

COOKS TO PLEASE ANY TASTE

F. G. Galpin, Historian of Texas Post, Brings Odd "Cargo" From Australia to England.

One of the few persons in the United States who can cook up a meal for a wallaby, or satisfy the furtidious cravings of a wombat, or play chef to a jucukoo, is F. G. Galpin, historian of El Paso (Tex.) post 36 of the American Legion and ex-animal-cook of the White Star liner Medic. Galpin is never more at home than when he is busily engaged in brewing up a stew for a cassowary.

Upon his return from a recent trip of the liner, bearing lizards, carpet snakes, rat-kangaroos, and other things (800 altogether) from Australia to England, chef Galpin expounded dietary to his Legion comrades. They had to believe everything he said. It seems that the bird of paradise, paradoxically, has secural tastes and squawks vigorously when offered such seemingly compatible delicacies as angel cake. "I fed 'em bananas and hard-boiled eggs," said Galpin, "and not one of 'em lost a single heavenly feather."

"And on the other hand," he added, "I had a couple of Tasmanian devils aboard, and they wouldn't touch a thing the whole trip except floating island."

DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE

German Submarine Commander Who Sink Lusitania Also Now at Bottom of Sea.

The commander of the German submarine that sank the Lusitania is now at the bottom of the sea, according to a story which has reached American Legion headquarters. Flogged and flung over the side of a Paraguayan war vessel, he met death with a dose of his own medicine.

The story is that the commander, fleeing from allied justice, took refuge in Paraguay, where he at once took out naturalization papers and swore allegiance to the Paraguayan republic. Friends in the shipping world secured for him the command of a Paraguayan man-o'-war, the Adolph Riquelme. He had hardly set his heel upon the decks when he inaugurated the rules which had been his custom. The crew, with their Latin blood, could not stomach the diet as the stolid Teutons had done in the old days. So they passed him around 'till a heating, and then threw him into the sea, far from sight of land.

HAD THE "THEODORA" ODOR

Fancy French Pets Saturated With Unwelcome Perfume of Marshal Foch's American Mascot.

Fifty thousand francs' worth of pet dogs were temporarily ruined by Marshal Foch's wild cat on the voyage to France. When the marshal, as guest of the American Legion, had picked up Theodore from an admiring friend, he had little reckoned what devastation was in store.

Theodora was placed in the kennel room atop the liner Paris, under care of the ship's butcher, who acted as animal valet for the trip. Believing that the fluffy Pekinese, and poodles, and Mexican hairless that shared her compartment did not represent, like herself, the true red-blooded pioneering spirit of America, Theodore lay quietly in her cell and exuded the aroma peculiar to wildcats. When the Paris touched the shores of France, the valet handed the pet dogs around to the group of daintily-scented mademoiselles and was greeted with loud shrieks.

Parachute in Shell.

A shell which blows off its head at an altitude of 2,000 feet, expelling a parachute from its interior, is fired from a gun at Lympne, England, as an experiment in physics. Attached to the parachute is a brilliant magnesium flare, which lights automatically when the parachute opens and lights the sky for miles around.

Error in Judgment.

Her plan for assuring the support of the women voters to him moved the statesman to admiration. "Whatever steps you take will carry weight, I'm sure," he said cordially.

Right there he lost the whole women's delegation. She had been dieting in secret for three months.—American Legion Weekly.

A Heavy Load.

Kriss—After we had sampled the home brew last night we organized a vocal quartette.

Kriss—Who carried the bass?

Kriss—it took three of us to get him home.—American Legion Weekly.

Army "Spring Fashions."

Even the army has its "spring models." What the well-dressed soldier will wear is a knotty problem. It seems changes permit extension of blouse to the crotch, a slit in the bottom of the coat skirt, and a hook to hold the Sam Browne belt in place. Breeches of Bedford cord of different color than the blouse will also be allowed. A new design for officer's overcoat contemplates an open-necked effect. The soldier's coat remains soberly the same, in all its simple beauty.

LEGION MAN, STURDY HIKER

Illinois Ex-Soldier on Way Back From Washington, Is Completing 2,500-Mile Jaunt.

Romance still lies along the broad highway, according to H. H. Rufus, "Harding's messenger boy," now on his way back to Dunville, Ill., afoot from Washington, D. C., completing a 2,500-mile jaunt. After hanging by his hands from railway trestles and facing starvation in the mountains of Kentucky, the sturdy hiker found a climax to his adventures in Clarksburg, W. Va., in the form of "the only girl."

Rufus, who is forty-four years old, an ex-soldier, and a native of Danville, started out last November, bearing four sealed messages from the Dunville chamber of commerce, which he was to "deliver in person" to the President. Stalking out of the White House six weeks later, he said: "I was all eyes and ears, looked straight ahead, and got what I went after."

The hiker is dropping in at American Legion posts when he wants to darn his socks or shave, and his stories have become well known. He started from his home town with one cent and the instructions: neither to beg, borrow, nor steal. He carried a 14-pound pack which, among other things, contained a cigar for "Uncle Joe" Cannon, to his Legion comrades. They had to believe everything he said. It seems that the bird of paradise, paradoxically, has secural tastes and squawks vigorously when offered such seemingly compatible delicacies as angel cake. "I fed 'em bananas and hard-boiled eggs," said Galpin, "and not one of 'em lost a single heavenly feather."

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SENDS 'NOTES' FROM ALASKA

Historian of Ketchikan Legion Post Writes in Answer to Letters of Sympathy.

"Please note following," the long-suffering historian of the Ketchikan post of the American Legion in Alaska has written in answer to many letters of sympathy from buddies back in the States:

1. There isn't a gold miner in the post.

2. The thermometer has never dropped lower than five below.

3. The deepest snow in recent years was three inches.

4. Some winters pass with practically no snow.

5. Overcoats are often a nuisance in January and February.

6. Raincoats and umbrellas are comonly worn.

7. No one has even worn furs or snowshoes to a post meeting.

8. "Gold-fishing" is the principal industry.

9. No one reads by the northern lights or the midnight sun.

The fact that people in Ketchikan ride in automobiles, and that the only dog sleds there are hot dog sleds, is hard to get across, according to the historian.

FINDS HIS LONG-LOST BOY

Father, by Chance, Discovers Soldier Son, Missing From Infancy, in Washington Hospital.

The "long-lost-boy" theme of the movie thriller has been discovered in real life by the American Legion post at Flint, Mich., where a reunion has taken

place between E. G. Morrison and his son, George, who is now a war veteran.

More than nineteen years ago in New London, Conn., the elder Morrison and the boy, Morrison and the

boy, had been separated. The child of six months was given to the mother. She remarried and the boy lived with her until he was fifteen years old, when he ran away. He joined the navy, served overseas with the aviation forces, and was wounded.

Last summer Mr. Morrison, Sr., was motoring in the East. A chance conversation with a passing acquaintance led to the discovery that his son was at that time lying ill in a hospital in Washington, D. C. The reunion was effected, and George is now in business with his father in Flint.

Carrying On With the American Legion

The Minnesota post of the American Legion is given credit for 43,262 good deeds to unfortunate bipiles during 1921.

A surplus of \$25,000 remaining from the Kansas City convention of the American Legion may go into a headquarters building.

Of the 300 ex-soldiers enrolled as vocational students at Pittsburg, Kan., who negotiated a loan, not one has failed to make full repayments.

Ladies are present even in the northland. A unit of the American Legion auxiliary has been chartered at Wrangell, Alaska. It will doubtless be named "The Arctic Circle."

Compensation checks amounting to \$223,447.80 were obtained for 4,124 ex-service men and women by the American Legion's service division, between October 10, 1921, and January 14, 1922.

To aid in building a \$5,000 home, the Enfield (Wash.) post of the American Legion shipped apples to Seattle where other posts sold them.

Frank Angar, late of the United States army, sold on the auction block at Boston, Mass., has been given work by the Legion post at Racine, Wis.

The British ministry of pensions has issued a report to the 41,000 English former service men wearing wooden legs stating that it has much lighter and greatly improved ones for them.

THIRTY-FOUR DIE IN BURNING BLIMP

Largest Semi-Rigid Airship Meets Disaster in Flight Over Langley Field.

WIRES FIRED HYDROGEN GAS

Those Not Immediately Killed by the Fall Burned to Death, Since Fierce Heat Forbade Attempts at Rescue—List of Victims.

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 21.—In the greatest disaster that ever afflicted American aeronautics thirty-four men died this afternoon when the air dirigible Roma plunged a thousand feet and crashed to earth in flames near the Hampton Roads army field, Dayton, O.

Only eleven of the forty-five men aboard were saved, and some of them were terribly hurt.

It took less than a minute for the burning airship to reach the ground after the explosion.

Those who jumped were forced to take this slim chance of escaping certain death in the flames, which had quickly enveloped the entire craft. It is believed those who remained in the ship were instantly killed by the explosion, or trapped by the flames and unable to seek possible safety in flight.

Reports from Portsmouth, which is near the naval base, said the Roma, after a shanty plunge of hundreds of feet, struck one of the barracks buildings at the base and then exploded with a ripping crash. A sheet of flame leaped from the rent in the gas bag and the passenger compartments slung underneath dropped twenty feet to the ground below.

The breaking of the rudder with its vertical controls, affixed in box kite fashion to the stern, was the original cause of the disaster. Its more horrible phase came just as the stricken craft plummeted into the earth. The metal clad nose snipped high tension electric wires. With a flash and a roar that carried dread warning to the imprisoned crew, the dirigible was fired from stem to stern.

Army officers who survived the disaster declared it was caused by the collapse of the elevating rudder. The Roma was sailing along smoothly about 300 feet in the air, they said, when the elevating rudder suddenly buckled, throwing the stern of the craft upward.

Pilots' Efforts Futile.

The buckling of the rudder crippled the steering apparatus and started the Roma on its plunge toward the ground.

The downward progress of the airship was checked by shooting off the engines, but the pilots were powerless to right the craft and it plunged to the ground, crashing through a line of high tension electric wires and landing upon piles of steel rails and wreaths.

The survivors emphatically denied statements of civilians who saw the accident from the ground that fire broke out on the Roma before it struck the ground. The army aviators who escaped also said they believed the fire and explosions which followed the crash were caused by the heat of the airship's motors, rather than by contact with the electric wires.

Striking these, the big dirigible capsized, its great 410-foot hydrogen bag smothering the passenger and engine compartments as it crashed to earth, to become immediately a raging furnace of blazing hydrogen gas in which all who had not jumped to earth met a terrible death. All of the eleven survivors escaped by jumping as the ship struck, only one of the victims meeting death in this way.

Leap to Beat Fiery Death.

Only those whose fortunate position in the car enabled them to take the hazard of a leap before the flames ran with lightning speed through the gas bag, a city block long, had the faintest chance for their lives. The thirty-three who could jump died.

The crushed, misshapen mass that thudded down on the field was a funeral pyre of such intense heat that the agonies of those who were not killed in the crash must have been mercifully brief. The bodies were burned beyond recognition and the slow work of listing the victims was carried out partly by a process of elimination and partly through noncombustible objects that the aviators were believed to have carried in their pockets.

The list, when it was completed, showed that two majors, four captains and seven lieutenants were lost in those few minutes of swift catastrophe which wiped out much of the flower of American army flying.

Furnace Heat Burns Rescue.

For many minutes the pillars of

NAMES OF VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS OF ACCIDENT

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 21.—Below is the official list issued by air service officials here of the survivors and dead in the Roma disaster.

Known Survivors.

Capt. Walter J. Reed.

First Lieut. John D. Beard.

First Lieut. Clarence H. Welch.

First Lieut. Walter A. McNair, bureau of standards.

Civilian Charles Dvorack, McCook field, Dayton, O.

Sergt. Harry A. Chapman.

Sergt. Joseph M. Biedenbach.

Corporal Albert Flores.

Lieut. Byron T. Burt, Jr. (not hurt).

Civilian Ray Hurley, national advisory committee for aeronautics (not hurt).

Sergt. Virden T. Peek (not hurt).

Identified Dead.

Lieut. W. E. Riley, New York.

Maj. John G. Thorne.

Maj. Walter Zautzmer.

Capt. Dale Mabry.

Capt. George D. Watts.

Capt. Allen P. McFarland.

Capt. Dursschmidt.

First Lieut. John R. Hall.

First Lieut. Wallace C. Burns.

First Lieut. Clifford E. Smythe.

First Lieut. Wallace C. Cummings.

First Lieut. Ambrose V. Clinton.

First Lieut. Harold K. Hine.

Master Sergt. R. D. McNally.

Master Sergeant Murry.

Master Sergeant Gorby.

Sergeants.

L. M. Harris.

Lewis Hilliard.

Marion J. Beale.

William Ryan.

Virgil Hoffman.

— Schumacker.

Capt. John B. Heyron.

— Holmes.

— Yarborough.

Privates—Gus Kingston, Vernon Blakely, John Thompson, Marion Hill.

Civilians—W. W. Stryker, Robert Hanson, W. G. O'Laughlin, F. Harryman, Charles Schulerberger, all of McCook field.

With hydrogen.

With helium.



for Progressive Housekeepers

A new food.

Smiles from your family. Smiles for your pocketbook.

RECENTLY a noted foreign writer paid this high compliment to American women. He said, in effect: "American women are the quickest in the world to adopt new worthy ideas. Their eyes and minds are ever wide open on any subject; social relations, civic improvement, national and international politics."

Our writer should have added that American women are especially quick to adopt any new, worthy food idea. For American women do lead the world in their intelligent reception of food betterments.

The women of Michigan are furnishing an outstanding example of this characteristic. Only a few months ago they were introduced to Brednut, the new spread for bread. Such a hearty welcome did they give this wholesome food that it was hard to keep up with orders.

*Made from pasteurized milk
and rich tropical nuts*

Can you imagine a more delightful combination than this: pasteurized milk blended with rich tropical nuts—nuts brought from luxuriant far off islands?

Husbands comment on Brednut as a delicious new addition to the family table—a welcome new subtraction from the family expense.

Brednut is made under careful supervision; made in rooms of spotless white cleanliness. Brednut comes to you fresh from these perfect surroundings uncolored—a pure white. With wholesome vegetable material which your grocer gives you, you can color your Brednut to a rich golden yellow.

BREDNUT

The delicious new spread for bread

*(Made from
pasteurized milk and rich tropical nuts)*



*Brednut
Toasted Chicken Sandwich*

Toast two slices of bread spread with Brednut. Cover one slice with lettuce, the other with sliced chicken, and place together. Notice what a delicious flavor Brednut gives to this sandwich.

Brednut, Cream Cheese and Pimento Sandwich

Spread slices of bread with Brednut. Cream a cake of cream cheese with lettuce, the other with sliced chicken, and place together. Notice what a delicious flavor Brednut gives to this sandwich.

Milk Pays the Bill

How can they prosper with cows around Vassar, Saginaw, Mt. Pleasant or land worth from \$125 to \$250 an acre, while we do not prosper on cheap lands?

Perhaps they have better cows.

In all the herds I visited at these three places, none but purebred dairy cows were used.

The Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture shows that feed, labor and miscellaneous costs, with which a cow should be charged, consume the value of 6172 pounds of milk. The average Michigan cow gives about 4000 lbs. of milk and 150 pounds butter fat per year. Yes, milk pays the bill if we pick the right cows.

The Cow is our Business Partner.

On all hands an undeniable proof that high class registered bulls, of dairy type, improve the condition of the herd.

The North Carolina Agricultural Extension Service states: "Milk production of heifers of all ordinary cows, and sired by Holstein Jersey and Guernsey bulls, increased over that of their dams by 14 per cent. Butter production increased 62 per cent. The second generation increased in milk over the original cows 13 per cent; in butter fat, 109 per cent."

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 18th day of February, A. D. 1922, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 19th day of June A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan,

The Probate Court for the County of

Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of

Henry C. Jorgenson, Village of Grayling, now deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four

months from the 18th day of February,

A. D. 1922, have been allowed for

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against said deceased to said court

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Dated February 18th A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson,
Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan,

The Probate Court for the County of

Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of

Elmer L. Neal, Village of Grayling, now deceased.

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George Sorenson,
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Albert H. Feldhausen, township of

Maple Forest, now deceased.

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